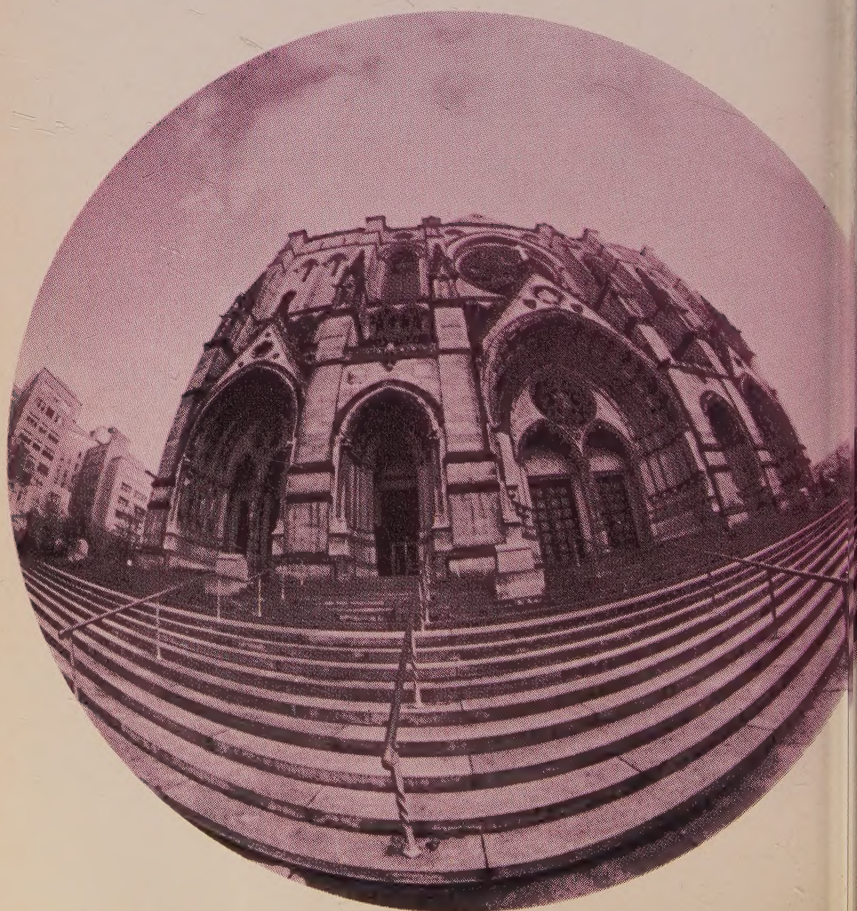




**Youth**  
APRIL 9, 1967

THE DUKE SWINGS PHOENIX CATHEDRAL  
TEENS DISCUSS DRUGS, BLACK POWER, ETC.  
GIRL'S NAPALM POEM STIRS PENTAGON





# TEENS PROBE MAJOR PROBLEMS...

at a multi-cultural conference  
for Canadians and Americans  
at New York's Cathedral  
of St. John the Divine

Religious Education

EXHIBIT

Pacific School of Religion

Mix 140 Protestant and Roman Catholic young people from all over the eastern U.S. and Canada—add New York City—stir well with frank discussions on four of the major problems of our times—and the result will be the Multi-Cultural Conference for Young People, sponsored over the holidays by the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and the Home Department of the Executive Council of the Episcopal Church. To help the participants take a brief look at our complex culture, a presentation—not an in-depth study—on each problem was given. And the youth responded. In the same vein, YOUTH magazine reports the over-all impression of a U.S. delegate to the conference, interspersed with excerpts from three of the presentations, and a Canadian delegate's reactions to the fourth problem area.



Impressions of Conference from  
JESSELYN MACK, Poughkeepsie,  
N.Y., a U.S. youth delegate:

If anyone asked me to describe the Multi-Cultural Conference for Young People, I would have to call it "An Experience." During the entire time,

# Youth!

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Cover photo by Ed Eckstein.

Back cover photo by Donald G. Rogers.

I felt that I was part of an experiment in life itself. For five days I was able to live and talk with people from many different places and find out what they thought about life and its problems. This conference did not try to change my views concerning the subjects discussed; it gave me an opportunity to hear views differing from mine and permitted me to express my opinion for others to hear. The conference also presented me with the occasion to learn why people thought as they did. This was accomplished largely through the manner in which the lodging and discussion groups were arranged. I was separated from the teenagers of my own home parish in both my hotel and my discussion group. Therefore I became acquainted with more people than I would have if I had been with those I already knew.

The aspect of the conference which impressed me most was the manner in which the discussion groups functioned. The adult leaders in my group did not tell us what to discuss, but they helped us to formulate conclusions that we later presented to the whole conference delegation. These groups provided an excellent opportunity for an exchange of ideas between two countries and two races. In my opinion, this exchange of ideas was the most important result of the meeting.

The major part of the conference was the presentation of the four topics for discussion — alcoholism, drugs, sex, and black power.



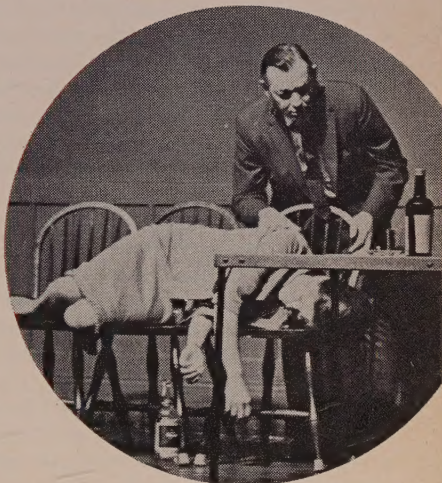
The presentation on alcoholism began the conference. The play, "Lady on the Rocks," dealt with the problems caused by alcoholism in a family. It presented a realistic and informative view of these problems. I learned a great deal about alcoholism as a disease; however, little was said about teen-age alcoholics. All the discussion was about grown-up alcoholics and the effect that they have on their children. I would have liked to have heard some discussion of materials relating to teen-age alcoholism.

Excerpts from presentation by Rev. H. GORDON MacDONALD, Episcopal priest, New York City:

$C_2H_5OH$ . That's the chemical formula for alcohol. It is an anesthetic. Roughly, two and one-half percent of the population in the U. S. A.—five million people—suffer from the disease of alcoholism. And for every person who is alcoholic, there are at least three people intimately bound up with him or her in this illness—members of his or her family, etc.—so we have another 15 million who are directly affected by this illness. But, only about five percent of the alcoholics in the U. S. are what we think of as "skid row bums." Ninety-five percent are people attempting to lead normal lives—people that you know.

How and when do you become an alcoholic? What is alcoholism? There is no one definition today. Some feel this is a physiological illness caused by chemical imbalance in the body; some think it is largely an emotional illness. Alcoholics Anonymous says it

## ... on alcoholism



is an illness of the whole person—not just physical, not just mental-emotional, not just spiritual—but of the whole person.

A good definition is this: "An alcoholic is a person whose use of alcoholic beverages is out of control." An alcoholic is sick. For him, alcohol has become an essential need around which his life revolves. It is his universal remedy even while it gradually destroys him. And alcoholism is a disease which can only get worse. In AA they have a saying: "Being an alcoholic is like being pregnant." You can't be a little bit alcoholic any more than you can be a little bit pregnant—either you are or you ain't.

There is no cure. An alcoholic can

abstain from drinking for 30 years, but if he attempts to drink again, he will go right back into the pattern in which he was before he stopped drinking. But alcoholics can become non-drinkers.

It is perfectly possible to be an alcoholic before you ever take a drink. If you are an emotionally immature person at 16, you can find a crutch in drinking at 16. This is not the usual pattern, but it is a pattern. There are known cases of people who are alcoholics at 11 or 12, and of people who become alcoholics in their 70's.

Alcohol, like a dollar bill, is neutral. It's how you use it whether it becomes evil or good. It has been made by God, as all things are, in the ultimate sense. But it can become evil if you commit the sin of gluttony, which is what over-drinking is. And abstinence is also a logical and Christian position. Many individuals make a decision for good Christian reasons that they will not drink. There are some 40 million people in the U. S. who don't drink.

Hopefully in our homes and at parties we ask grace—God's blessing—before we eat. I see no reason why we cannot ask grace before we take a drink. An alcoholic cannot ask God to bless that drink because an alcoholic knows what the drink will do to him. When you, in all honesty, cannot ask God to bless a drink—the first, or second, or third—then that's the one you don't take.

This is not a moral issue—it is a matter of illness . . . a public health problem. We need to come to a time when a person can say "I'm alcoholic"—and admit he is sick—then we will be able to face alcoholism and overcome it as a disease.

The program on drugs was quite interesting. I only wish that there had been more discussion on types of drugs other than marijuana and heroin. I was very disappointed that LSD was not even mentioned except in a question that was not answered. However, the two men, both ex-addicts did a very good job of explaining why people start on drugs in the first place and what must happen in a person's mind before he can be cured. I agree with the panel that the legalization of drugs would not necessarily reduce crime unless the government gave the drugs away in any amount demanded by the addict.

Excerpts from group discussion with two former drug addicts:

Let me say first—there's a difference between the problem of addiction and the physical habit. When a person is physically addicted it's one thing, but the psychological problems of addiction are another thing. When I see a kid hanging around a corner, associating with the wrong crowd, maybe smoking marijuana, to me this person is already an addict. He's not physically addicted, but by his behavior, pretty soon he'll be physically addicted. Mentally, he would need the same treatment as an addict who is physically addicted would need. One shot will never get you physically addicted.

A kid grows up physically and emotionally. An addict may be 25, but he's acting like a ten-year-old kid. He doesn't have the responsibility characteristic of his age. You will find that addicts act like little kids, and if



## . on drugs



you tell them "Don't do that," they'll go right ahead and do it. They lie—you know, kids like to lie about things. Kids depend on people. But when a 20- or 24- or 30-year-old man is depending on somebody, he's acting like a kid.

What's it like to be on drugs? Take heroin, for example. Heroin is used to avoid confrontation with reality. What happens is that when a person uses the drug, he forms a shell around himself—he withdraws—so that he won't be able to see what's going on. He's not thinking about anything but himself. He gets sleepy and he looks sleepy.

Now, marijuana is the opposite. With marijuana a person is hungry all

the time—he's always laughing and carrying on.

The feeling in either case is comfortable—because when you have to face reality it's uncomfortable. I would say that it's pretty hard to deal with life, because you have to get up in the morning and go to work, and you have to be with people in general, and there are some people whom you dislike and some people that you like and there are different kinds of situations. But, when you are on drugs, everything is comfortable. You don't have to deal with things; you can keep running away.

We're trying to work through a program of treatment and training. After treatment, a person would come to live in a house (a half-way house) with others who have just gone through treatment and with ex-addicts. For six to eight months he would work outside, but still live in this house. While he's working outside he's confronted by all the things that he was escaping before and he can come back to the house and talk about it—how he feels, all the changes he is going through—to get him ready to go out on his own.

Heroin can become a habit physically. Marijuana will become a habit mentally (and it can damage the brain). But, let's not forget that drugs aren't the problem—it doesn't matter what kind of drugs you use—the problem is the motivation. Why do I have to use it? Why do I have to withdrawal from reality? Because the person who is taking drugs is taking them for a reason—and that reason is that he cannot enjoy himself or be part of life without them. This is a problem, not just for the addict, but for the whole community.

## ... on sex



A very informative session was the one on sex. The discussion of homosexual behavior was interesting and the physiological reasons for such behavior were quite surprising. The three speakers also gave both the pros and cons on the question of legalized abortion, and I am inclined to agree with them that abortion should not be legalized. The most interesting phase of this presentation on sex was the film on venereal disease. The film pointed out how venereal diseases were traced and cured by the Health Department of a city such as New York.

Excerpts from presentation by Dr. GILBERT R. CHERRICK, M.D., New York City:

They were talking in this film about the venereal disease called syphilis. And they were trying to tell you that it's a very easy disease to obtain by means of sexual intercourse—and that no one is immune from this, no matter what precautions are taken.

This is a point of departure because there have been certain revolutionary things in medicine in the past few years which have given everyone new notions on traditional ideas of sex. Just imagine what the fact does to people's thinking that syphilis and gonorrhea can be easily cured by penicillin. It leads some people who were afraid before to think that if they can do all manner of things and get away with it, why not?

Another medical bit of progress is the possibility of suppressing ovulation by certain chemical means, and therefore, to suppress the possibility of pregnancy occurring. This gives people another kind of a notion of sex because, once again, if people refrain from engaging in sex out of fear of pregnancy, they may take comfort in the fact that this difficulty is eliminated. But the matter is rather more difficult than the average person thinks, for these drugs which suppress ovulation are not 100% perfect. They do have their adverse effects and aren't fool-proof.

Sex is really a very multi-definable word. To some people it conveys a rather romantic notion—to others it means a good time. Sex, of course, shows its earliest manifestations in the very young child. Infants love to be held and caressed.

As the child grows older, he enters



into another phase. He relates to people around him; goes to school; and comes in contact with other children. Prior to puberty (the on-set of sexual maturity), he or she may develop very close attachments to persons of his own sex. And then, when sexual maturity occurs, the person of a given sex, due to certain hormonal changes in his body and certain expectations of the society in which he lives, becomes interested in the opposite sex, and will form romantic attachments with the opposite sex.

In some people this normal transition from the childhood lack of interest in the opposite sex to the adult pattern fails to take place, so that they continue to be overly attached to persons of their own sex. This is called—depending upon the situation in which it occurs—a homosexual behavior.

This is seen by psychiatrists and psychologists as nothing terribly distorted, but as an arrest at an immature phase. Of course, it's highly undesirable: it's frowned upon by all cultures and civilizations and religions for the reason that it is so maladaptive for people to become fixated at this immature stage of sexual development. It leads to enormously ungratifying lives.

I believe that what I have tried to tell you is that there have been important advances in medicine, especially in the past few years, which have changed the thinking of various people in regard to sex. And this leaves important difficulties because traditional ideas are somewhat in flux. And I think it's important that clergymen, theologians, and physicians try to help laymen—yourselves—understand these problems better.

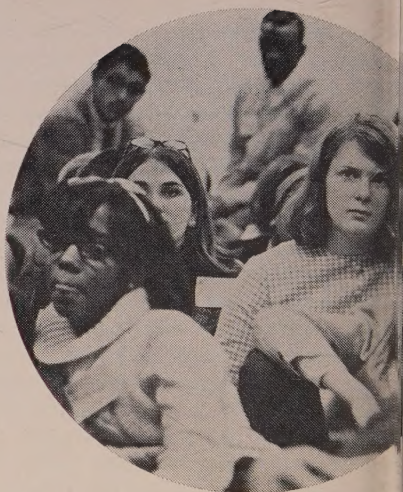
Excerpts from presentation by Rev. BRADFORD LOVEJOY, Chaplain in U. S. Marines, Camp Lejeune, N. C.

With the freedom you have, it is necessary for you to have knowledge—knowledge from which you can decide what you are going to do with the body which you have. It is not necessary that your body control your life. It is quite possible that you, as a human being, can control your body—can decide what you are going to do with it. And it is much easier, I think, if these decisions are made with an understanding of the plumbing system that you and that other person do have. We live in a peculiar era where we not only have the freedom to choose, but where your bodies are also much more completely developed at an earlier age than was true a while ago. And, whereas your forebears might have married earlier in truth, you are being held off from marriage until you finish more of your education for a variety of sometimes good and sometimes bad reasons.

It is my complete conviction that human beings do, in fact, control the moral climate in which we live. I know a lot of people who believe that we can be immoral or amoral, and justify this by saying, "This is the moral climate and I am merely participating in what is going on around me." You really can control the moral climate in which you live. You can find out the facts, you can make your decision about how you are going to live, you can seek out those who are willing to live by your moral standards rather than somebody else's, and you can transform a world of all kinds of crazy ways of

life into a world which I feel is morally more Christian than otherwise. It is not necessary that you be promiscuous; it is not necessary that you come to your marriage already used. What you will or will not do with sex is your decision.

I believe that the best and most controversial lecture at the Multi-Cultural Conference was the one on "Black Power" given by the Rev. Nathan Wright. In his speech, Dr. Wright defined "Black Power" as "Negroes using their own resources to help themselves obtain their rights in society and not waiting on the liberal white to give them their rights." He also said that all white people were barbarians and came from a barbaric society. I disagree with his calling all white peoples barbarians arbitrarily deciding that all Negroes are inferior because they are Negro. The speaker then pointed out why the term "Black Power" is feared so by white society—because the white man knows what he has done with his white power to the Negro and he is afraid that the Negro will do the same thing to him with "Black Power." I agree with Dr. Wright on this point. The question was raised in my discussion group as to what a white person might do to become "de-barbarized." While there is no set answer, I believe that one of the first steps a white person can take toward becoming "de-barbarized" is to start thinking in terms of people, not white people nor black people, just people.



## ... on black power

Here's how DAVID BOULTON, Montreal, a Canadian youth delegate, reacted to the "black power" presentation:

Hate boils within me as the words of our two powerful speakers, Mr. Green and Dr. Wright, fire into my mind. This hate: hate of human contempt!

The play, "My Sweet Charlie" by David Westheimer, which the conference attended, laughed me into an awareness of the ex-communication of the Negro from the white society into the lowest category of "nigger."

Two days later our discussion session was on "Black Power." Mr. Green gave us a summary of the American Negro's history, and continued to ex-



plain the ominous term "Black Power." He told us that Black Power was the stand for the Negro for the opportunity of the "nigger" to become a recognized person. Dr. Wright said that the Negro must be "de-niggerized" and that the whites must be "de-barbarized." Violent protests rebounded from the group to intensify the impact of Dr. Wright's ideas and concern.

Dr. Wright certainly left me with a consciousness of the need to think about, and to understand this aim of the Negro.

How can anyone, any human being, watch and not care . . . not care for his fellow citizen who is crawling in the gutter and looking vainly for a chance to improve himself? And when he finally manages to climb out of this hole, he is stamped with the prejudice of his former station.

How monstrously inhuman these persecutors must be! How naive their philosophy must be! This philosophy which seems to be: "Once an alcoholic, always a drunk; once of noble birth, always a gentleman; and by this same token, born a Negro, always a nigger."

By "nigger," I mean the poor people in the United States who are of black color and recognized as poor people.

Why, in this "Eden" of liberty, equality, and free enterprise, and in this nation—the richest in the world, can not these poor citizens be taken care of and helped? Why doesn't the American Negro have at least the opportunity to climb this ladder, this glorious path out of poverty and persecution?

Only proper education, through adequate schools and social facilities,

will allow the "nigger" to override his inherited predicament of poverty. Only these devices will allow the "nigger" to gain this "Black Power." If this chance is given to him, this stereotyped "nigger stamp" will wear off. If not, it may be ripped off and shot violently in our faces.

In the meantime, I would advocate the understanding and the toleration of the races and the acceptance of a person, not based on his color or slant of eyes, but on what he is as an individual.

I believe that the leaders of the Human Rights and Black Power movements are, in fact, defeating their purpose when they stress the difference of color.

The "nigger" problem, as I see it, is one of economics. Affluent people tend to be prejudiced against the poor, and more so against the Negro because of his color which seems to identify him as such. Get rid of poverty, and this "nigger" image will disappear. Why don't these leaders widen their scope to a complete anti-poverty campaign, asking for equal social and schooling benefits for all the poor?

As it is, the recognition of the



"nigger" as an equal is one vital but premature consideration. Instead of developing reciprocal hostilities between the whites and the blacks by extreme criticism and pressure to that end, I feel the Negro and white leaders, together, should devote their time to gain sympathy of people to combat not only the poverty of the Negro but of all races woven in the tapestry of the United States of America.

"Black Power" in itself is an explosive term with a very human significance, and could be very effective to shake the pedestals of the members of the Great Society. But I feel that this term is greedy and limited only to people who are of a black color. It should be expanded.

I, as an observer from Canada, have probably over-simplified the situation, but I know that it exists, and as a Christian I can hardly ignore it, and as a person, I can do no less than to help.

The recreational aspect of the conference was thrilling. I was able to visit Harlem, the Bowery, and Greenwich Village. The Village is truly one place that has to be seen to be believed! We also had the opportunity to see a Broadway play: "My Sweet Charlie," a most thought-provoking drama, which also fit into the conference program.

Of course, I will never forget the Cheetah (a teen-age night club) with its three floors, two bands, and flashing rainbow lights. It was simply fabulous. I have only one objection

—I didn't get to stay long enough. My activities during the conference taught me one invaluable lesson—how to use the subway system. I became almost proficient in its use (I was only lost once).

Seriously, I learned many things from this conference about myself and about others. I also acquired a new and deeper understanding about some of the problems which face me in life. This is the reason that I call the Multi-Cultural Conference for Young People "An Experience" of a life-time. ▼





## "I CAN'T DRAW A STRAIGHT LINE! !"

We'll accept that! But, maybe if you can't draw one, you can write one. All of which is just to say that we'd like to encourage you—and ask you to encourage your friends—to participate in YOUTH's 1967 Creative Arts Award competition. Anyone under 20 years of age is eligible . . . it doesn't matter whether you're in or out of school . . . and you don't have to attend any particular church. The work you submit can be something you've done for school or something you created for your own enjoyment; BUT, it must be your own original work—and we encourage you to send your best.

Each contribution you submit must be identified with the title of the work, your name, age, home street address, city, and state, and your local church affiliation. Each individual may submit up to five entries. All contributions must be in the mails *by no later than May 1, 1967*. Twenty-five dollars will be sent to each young person

a time  
to  
create

whose piece of creative work is reproduced in YOUTH Magazine in our August 1967 issue.

**CREATIVE WRITING** / We welcome any type of creative writing you wish to submit—poetry, fiction, essay, editorial, humor, satire, true-to-life story, drama.

**ART WORK** / You may submit any type of art work that can be reproduced in YOUTH: paintings, sketches, prints, cartoons, designs, illustrations. Due to mailing limitations, the size of the art work should not be larger than 12" x 15".

**PHOTOS** / There are no limitations on subject matter—but you must submit only black and white prints no larger than 12" x 15" nor smaller than 4" x 5" in size. Print your name and address on the back of each photograph.

**SCULPTURE** / If you've done a sculpture, mobile, paper folding or wood carving which you'd like to submit, send us one photo or snapshot—or a group of snapshots which best present all the dimensions of your work.

Entries should be sent to CREATIVE ARTS AWARDS, YOUTH magazine, Room 800, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. After judging is completed, entries will be returned.

To encourage others to participate, why not remove and post the sample of creative art on pages 16-17 of this issue?

Softly it fell and moistened our backs  
The cats and dogs weren't making attacks  
Just softly bouncing up and down  
As each hit the grasping ground

Though soon they lost their sense of humor  
And suddenly there spread a rumor  
That the dogs were better than the cats,  
As the rain beat harder on our backs

As tensions grew and insults too  
It seemed as though the cats all knew  
That their minds were stronger than the dogs  
Whose brains were lost in canine smog

War was waged in a senseless style  
As each of the groups hurled projectiles,  
Thunder boomed and lightening flashed  
And to earth the dead cats crashed

The dead dogs splattered to the ground  
As people were running all around  
In chaos and confusion  
Like molecules in fusion

All at once, 'twas peace and quiet  
They're done with war and done with riot  
As people peep from behind their walls  
The biting rain no longer falls

The dogs and cats are friends again  
As sun shines on the weather vane  
And peaceful blue again appears  
Which is vaguely hidden throughout the years

**RAIN** by Roger M. Stover, Jr.  
Barrington, R. I.







## THE GO-GO SET

by Sharon K. Smith (17)  
Bradford, Pa.

he long straight hair and things they wear,  
he go-go set  
he paisley shirts and mini skirts,  
he go-go set

heir "groovy" ways and bands that play,  
he go-go set  
he frug, the jerk, the shake—all these make,  
he go-go set.

las! study, work and thought, also  
he go-go set  
Questions like—What will we be and where will we go?  
he go-go set

he youth groups, Vista, and Peace Corps,  
he go-go set  
he boys that fight and die in the war,  
he go-go set

he boys that fight and die in the war,  
he go-go set  
as one, am proud to be "in"  
he go-go set

pray to God our world would be free from sin,  
he go-go set  
rom prejudice, from hateful ways,  
he go-go set

hat love may shine in future ways  
he go-go set  
hat my children may share  
he go-go set

With less worries, less troubles, less cares,  
When I am gone—gone . . .  
rom the go-go set

WORLD, I AM YOUTH

World, I am Youth, untroubled and searching  
Exploring the heights and the plain;  
I wander your deserts, thirsty and pale  
I weep in the beating rain.

7  
Youth /

TELEPHONE

*Youth / Make a joyful noise.*

**and  
GAMES**





**"Pitt" Beidler feels  
strongly about the war  
in Vietnam . . . and  
suddenly the whole  
world knew how she felt**

"Pitt" wrote a poem last summer when she was 12 years old. She titled it, "Afterthoughts on a Napalm-Drop on Jungle Villages Near Haiphong." This winter she submitted the poem for publication to *Venture*, a monthly magazine for junior highs published by the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. The magazine had previously published one of her poems; they liked the way she wrote. And so they published this second one, too, in their February 1967 issue.

But—as with all thoughts expressed about Vietnam—not everyone liked what the poem was saying.

Immediately after the poem appeared in *Venture*, that magazine was dropped from the list of publications which the Chaplain's Board of the U.S. Defense Department recommends for church schools on U.S. military bases around the world. As many as 13,000 subscriptions could be affected.

When the newspapers and television heard this news, "Pitt" Beidler's poem made national headlines and stirred much controversy.

The Defense Department officially denied that the publication of the poem had anything to do with the dropping of *Venture* from the



Wide World Photo

recommended list, but private individuals admitted it did.

The Religious Educational Advisory Group of the Armed Forces Chaplains Board notified the Presbyterian Board that the magazine was being taken off the recommended list, citing the "embarrassing item concerning Vietnam." And, in Washington, a Defense Department spokesman observed, "This poem was written by a 12-year-old, I'm Robert Frost."

As news of the controversy about the poem raced across the country—particularly between Washington and Philadelphia—newsmen also contacted Vero Beach, Fla., to get the reactions of "Pitt" (her real name is Barbara) and of her family. And, perhaps, they were the persons least upset by all the other reactions

## AFTERTHOUGHTS ON A NAPALM-DROP ON JUNGLE VILLAGES NEAR HAIPHONG

All was still.

The sun rose through silver pine boughs,  
Over sleeping green-straw huts,  
Over cool rice ponds,  
Through the emerald jungles,  
Into the sky.

The men rose and went out to the fields and ponds.  
The women set pots on the fire, boiling rice and  
jungle berries, and some with baskets went for fish.  
The children played in the streams and danced  
through the weeds.

Then there was the flash—silver and gold  
Silver and gold,  
Silver birds flying,  
Golden water raining.  
The rice ponds blazed with the new water.  
The jungles burst into gold and sent up  
little birds of fire.  
Little animals with fur of flame.

Then the children flamed.  
Running—their clothes flying like firey kites.  
Screaming—their screams dying as their faces seared.  
The women's baskets burned on their heads.  
The men's boats blazed on the rice waters.  
Then the rains came.

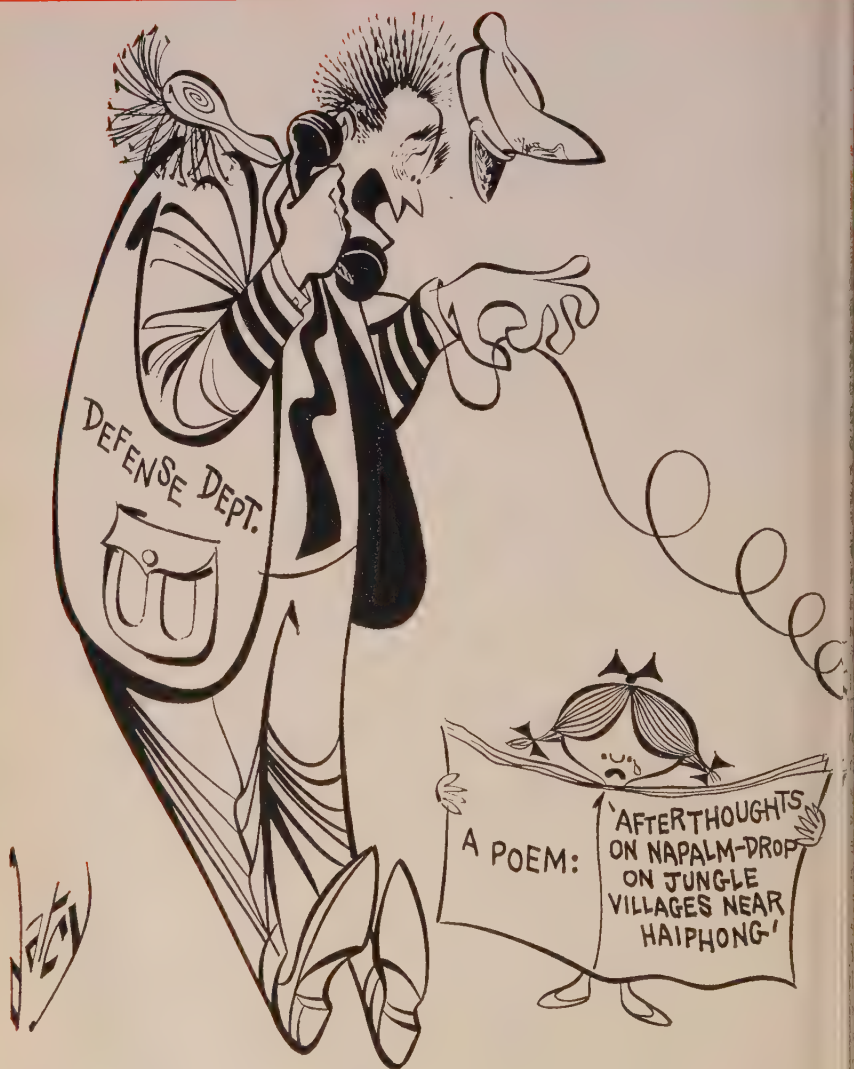
A rag, fire black, fluttered.  
A curl of smoke rose from a lone rice stem.  
The forest lay singed, seared.  
A hut crumbled.

And all was still.

Listen, Americans,  
Listen, clear and long.  
The children are screaming  
In the jungles of Haiphong.

—*Barbara Beidler*





'Quick, find me a 12-year-old poet that's a hawk!'

## girl to what she sees going on in the world

I'm very surprised by all the," said Barbara, who is now 13. "I wrote the poem because I wanted to inspire other people my own age by realizing the war must come to an end." As far as the reaction at the Pentagon was concerned, she commented, "I think it's ridiculous." Mrs. Beidler described Barbara as "serious" and an honor student. She said Barbara's feelings do not necessarily represent those of her family. She reported that Barbara attends church regularly but has not formally become a member because she feels she should "feel more strongly about it and is not committed enough as yet."

Spokesmen for the United Presbyterian Church and *Venture* were surprised but not upset by the government action. Review of the recommended listing of materials sent to chaplains is a routine procedure. However, they defended the magazine for printing the poem, written by one of its readers, and commented "There is nothing in the poem that should be any more embarrassing than the kind of material that appears on television and in the newspapers."

Dr. William Morrison, general secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, stated: "This particular poem reflects the response of a young girl to what she has seen going on. It is useful in that it represents a young person's response to a particular segment of life. If we're going to have all the publicity (on

Vietnam) in the newspapers and on television, why should we gag at having it in a church publication?"

Reactions to Barbara's poem were not confined to the United States. In a dispatch from Tokyo, United Press International reported that the poem had been reprinted in the official Hanoi communist newspaper, and that a poem called "Truth Blazes in Little Children's Hearts" written by Huy Can, a well-known North Vietnamese poet, had been dedicated to Barbara and published in Hanoi alongside her poem.

One day after all the controversy about Barbara's poem hit the U. S. press—there was a counter reaction in Washington itself. Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara announced that *Venture* had been restored to the recommended list of publications. McNamara told a press conference he had not been aware that the Religious Educational Advisory Group of the Armed Forces Chaplains Board had dropped *Venture* because of the poem. Asked about the matter he replied, "I was not aware of this, but I became cognizant of it. The magazine was reinstated to the recommended list this morning."

Thus, the controversy ended. But, Barbara's own reason for writing her poem has, perhaps, been vindicated. Not only other teens, but the whole world has heard of her concern for the victims of war. It's still good to know that what one person thinks and says can make a difference. ▼



BY RUSSELL BAKER / *Washington, Jan. 18*—School authorities at Furze Pip, Mass., responded predictably when Billy Thornton appeared for classes wearing a suit of finely tempered Milanese steel armor. Conceding that Billy's unorthodox apparel created a "distraction in the classroom," they sent him home with orders not to return until he had slipped out of his armor and into something more conventional.

Billy, who is only 17, nevertheless saw the threat to freedom with remarkable clarity. "In seeking to tell me what I can and cannot wear to school," he said, "the Furze Pip school authorities have set themselves up as enforcers of a deadening conformism that makes a hypocritical mockery of education."

Fortunately for Billy, his parents agreed that principle was at stake. "We have always tried to teach our son that the strength of this country lies in individuals who are determined to stand up for their rights," Mr. Thornton told the press.

"As long as Billy keeps his greaves polished and doesn't drum his gauntlets on his breastplate while the teacher is talking, I fail to see where the school board has a case."

Billy's classmates were quick to rally. The day after his suspension, 17 of them reported for classes in full armor and, after being suspended, moved en masse on the Furze Pip City Hall to stage a clank-in.

The affair might have subsided quietly in a few days had Ordell Ordway, the nationally syndicated hawk, not been desperate for material to pad out his column that



afternoon. "In resorting to the clank-in," his column began that day, "American youths opposed to the bombing of North Vietnam would now have to swallow the hypocritical rot that they are knights in shining armor."  
 Coming from Ordway, the official voice of the middle-aged and the established, the attack on armor quickly yielded predictable results. Before the weekend was out, armorers in 37 university towns reported that they were completely out of full suits and that even such odds and ends as spurs, pauldons and lance rests were outselling Joan Baez.  
 Two British firms announced that they would market a full line of pop armor in aluminum-colored plastic as soon as they could establish offices in Carnaby Street. At Berkeley the so-called "free armor movement," which had sprung up overnight, incensed Governor Reagan by insisting on every student's right to wear his beaver up.  
 The "Knighthnicks," as the armor wearers were soon dubbed, presented almost insuperable problems at first to the nation's angry-letter writers. Everyone suspected, of course, that the Knighthnicks were careless about personal hygiene, but how could anyone tell for sure whether there was dirt under those metal carapaces?  
 Fortunately, for the angry-letter writers, pictures of the first White House clank-in showed undisputably that many of the armor wearers had let black oily deposits accumulate on their gorgets and vambraces. Thereafter the favorite line in letters to the editor denouncing the Knighthnicks, and "How can you respect the kind of people who won't even bathe their vambraces?" became the unanswerable retort to anyone who argued that a man willing to walk around in a hundred pounds of metal for something he believed couldn't be all bad.  
 Adult response to the Knighthnicks, of course, was not entirely adverse. Several anthropologists, lured out of pygmy villages by free-spending magazine editors, declared in print that it was perfectly natural for youth to dress in armor, and even to wear its beaver up, though they could not agree why.  
 Some said it was a natural answer to the bomb, some that it showed idealism, and others that it was a perfectly normal expression of youth's desire to be different from its parents. All agreed that there were perfectly natural precedents for it in pygmy societies.  
 When Billy Thornton, who had started it all, later hung up his breastplate and reported back to school in whipcords and broadcloth, a reporter for the *Furze Pip Citizen* asked why he had surrendered. "All I ever wanted to do," said Billy, "was liven up this graveyard town by showing how easy it is to make everybody behave predictably. Only a nut would really go around wearing armor."  
 Nobody in the country paid any attention to Billy's statement. They were in too deep to get out. ▼



## The Duke played *a joyful sound* “New World A’comin’” . . .

BY ROBERT M. HERHOLD / After Duke Ellington’s opening number “Come Sunday,” someone could have tap-danced in the chancel and the congregation would have applauded loudly. In fact, that is exactly what happened.

Ellington and his band, the Cathedral Choir, and three professional vocal soloists presented two concerts of sacred music on November 10 at Trinity Episcopal Cathedral in Phoenix, Ariz. Every available space was filled for the first performance; scores of teenagers had to be turned away. Only a few seats remained vacant for the later concert presented to a well-dressed middle-aged audience.

The concert theme was “In the Beginning God.” Mr. Ellington calls these four words “the biggest thing said in the Bible. If you don’t read any more of the Bible, that’s it. We say it many times . . . many ways.”

This was not a jazz mass, but an offering to God and to the audience of the best efforts of many highly-skilled artists. This devotion and dedication, even more than the innate religious content of many of the numbers, made it a sacred concert.



Duke Ellington arranges these concerts (this was his twenty-first appearance) with great care. He said: "I am not concerned with what it costs. . . . I want the best musicians, the best singers and coaches, amateur or professional—and I want them to give the best they have . . . because this is the performance of all performances—God willing." The great jazz master does not permit a church to lose money on one of his concerts. He invested \$6000 of his own money in one concert held in a small church.

"I consider myself a very lucky man to be able to do what I love to do best. This is my way of expressing thanks to God. Some people go to church and leave a couple of dollars. This is my chance to feel I am on the team, even if I only make bat boy," Ellington said. He added, "People come to our concert for many reasons. They respect us as artists. Some come out of curiosity and stay to listen. They find out we're not just playing the national anthem in jazz."

## *the sanctuary*



The Very Rev. Elmer B. Usher, Dean of the Cathedral, commented: "Duke Ellington has God's gift of genius. He is a giant of contemporary music. He and his company of musicians, with the Cathedral Choir, offer their best to God and to us. For those who have questioned the propriety of a jazz sacred concert in a church building, Mr. Ellington's sentiments are much more theologically sound. He feels that each is to offer his best to

God, and if one's best is piano playing or dancing, then offer it to Him in gratitude. Overemphasis on the sacred is a distortion of God's will for this world. The Psalmist in Psalm 150 understood this when he wrote, 'Praise God in his sanctuary . . . praise him with the sound of the trumpet . . . praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.'

"David  
danced before  
the Lord with  
all his might."



... every m

Drummer Sam Woodyard's cymbals were loud, and when trumpet player "Cat" Anderson hit his shrillest note, Ellington leaned over to the mike and said: "That's as high as it will go." Gabriel couldn't have praised the Lord with a better horn.

Barry Goldwater, a member of Trinity Cathedral, was one of a group of prominent Phoenicians who helped underwrite the cost of the concerts. More than a hundred young people from Phoenix's impoverished Southside were invited as guests of the Cathedral. The words "beautiful" and "wonderful" were heard frequently as teenagers left the early concert.

The Cathedral Choir was directed by Herman McCoy, who works with Ellington on concerts. The regular director, W. Fairfield Brown, directed the choir and band in an original composition, "Go, Labor On!" which is dedicated to Ellington. A dramatic number with its frantic percussion, with

umpeting, multiple chords, and staccato choruses, it was enthusiastically received by the audience.

Soloists Jimmy McPhail, Esther Marrow and Tony Watkins augmented the choir with rich, well-trained voices. At the end, Watkins sang a moving and unusual version of the Lord's Prayer which originated in the West Indies.

Tap dancer Bunny Briggs portrayed David in a number appropriately titled "David Danced Before the Lord With All His Might." Elderly women with mink stoles approved audibly. A smiling, gray-haired man beat time against the side of his pew.

During the intermission, members of the audience gathered outside the cathedral. One man said: "If church services were like this, I would go to church every Sunday." Another spoke approvingly of the Cathedral's being a relevant down-town church by sponsoring such events as the concert and the Cathedral Arts Festival. After the service, members of the choir, the band, and Cathedral staff rushed to congratulate each other like high school students after the class play. A retired obstetrician from Milwaukee who has a large collection of jazz records spoke knowledgeably of the relationship between religion and jazz.

Not everyone was pleased. A handful of the audience did not return after the intermission. A few Cathedral members protested earlier when they heard that jazz music and tap dancing were planned inside the Cathedral. "It would have been all right with them if this were done in the shop Atwood Hall of the Cathedral, but then the whole idea of praising

ays in his own language



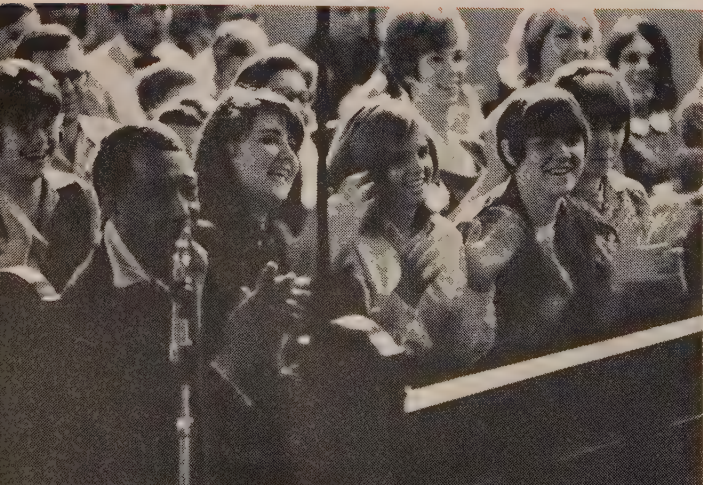




"I am a very lucky man  
to do what I love best."



...in the bargain I meet wonderful people



God with these skills would have been lost," said Dean Usher. "We're trying to reach out and out," he noted. "Events like this concert help us bridge the gap between the sacred and the secular."

Duke Ellington relaxed in his dressing room at a Tucson nightclub where he appeared before taking part in the Phoenix Cathedral concert. While not acknowledging membership in a denomination, he spoke thoughtfully of his faith. "That phrase 'God is dead' is nonsense. You say the first word, and the rest of the sentence is dead." A small gold cross hung from a thin chain around his neck.

He slipped into a blue jersey, tied a kerchief around his head, rubbed some lotion on his face, and accepted a coke. Drawing up a second chair, he propped his feet and said: "Everybody is looking for security today. Security is in your mind. . . . I was brainwashed with love. My mother never let my feet touch the ground until I was eight. She'd send me off to school saying, 'Edward you are blessed.'"

"My mother made me take piano lessons as a kid, but I spent most of my time playing baseball in the street instead of practicing. Then I began to pick it up by ear when I was about 12 and built up such a reputation that I had to learn music to protect it."

Asked when he first thought of doing a sacred concert, the Duke replied: "Before we did the first one at Grace Cathedral in San Francisco, Canon Caryn talked with me about it for a couple of years. They had heard some of the religious things we had done like 'Come Sunday' and wanted us to do a full concert. The Canon pounded into my skull that they didn't want the solemn tones of the 15th century but the sounds of today."

"I felt I wasn't ready yet. You have to work yourself up into a state of eligibility for something like that. It's not like doing a regular show. I felt it was a great opportunity. This couldn't be treated as show business. If you tried to do that, you'd pull the whole thing on your head."

"I'm working on another sacred concert now that should be better than this one. I'm simply making a statement from my naive point of view after reading the Bible four or five times. I want it to be strong."

As Ellington held the mike close to a bass violin to catch the tricky bow work, as he heralded each of his musicians and violinists after their solos, as he injected gentle humor, and as he played his own "New World A-comin'" ("... where love is unconditional and no pronoun is good enough for God"), he seemed like a new kind of priest in a loud, purple dinner jacket.

A priest who wants the world to know: "In the beginning God." ▼

This article is adapted with permission of the author from a report he wrote for the *National Catholic Reporter*.







# THE GIFT

A PARABLE by  
Joan Hemenway

When I was eighteen, I received a scrawled, almost illegible letter from an old lady known to me only as "my California grandmother." The letter contained this poem:

*"Father Time is telling me every day,  
The home I live in is wearing away,  
The building is old and for the days that remain,  
To seek to repair it would be quite in vain,  
So I'm getting ready to move . . ."*

One day soon afterwards I discovered my grandmother had moved, when I received all the letters and photos she had sent her through the years. They were carefully arranged in a red-leather case with handwritten instructions on the outside to send the contents back to me. That afternoon I sat with numerous pieces of paper covering my knees: birthday greetings wiggily sketched by a five-year-old; crayoned hearts for Valentine's Day; my first school picture; long letters pouring out problems too private for anyone closer to home.

As I looked at my life through her eyes, it was an eerie, solemn moment. Beyond the sadness of her death and the nostalgia of my own memories, I suddenly realized that in preparation for her leave-taking my grandmother had arranged to send her part of my life back to me; she was giving me back all she loved about me, only later because she was now part of it. In a very special way she was both giving herself to me and making it possible to accept myself back again.

As I sit now pondering these things, I realize anew how she left me alone to give witness to what we had once shared together. I am a witness for her, for herself, for our friendship. And I know that in some inexplicable way, marked by the deepest sadness, the greatest joy, and the bundle of old letters, I have been made a new person through the gift I received from her—a gift freely given, expectedly received made real through life and sanctified forever by death.

Now as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it and broke it and gave it to his disciples and said, "Take this; this is my body, which is given for you."

*Praise the Lord!*

*Praise God in his sanctuary;  
praise him in his mighty firmament!*

*Praise him for his mighty deeds;  
praise him according to his exceeding greatness!*



*Praise him with trumpet sound;  
praise him with lute and harp!*

*Praise him with timbrel and dance;  
praise him with strings and pipe!*

*Praise him with sounding cymbals;  
praise him with loud clashing cymbals!*

*Let everything that breathes praise the Lord!  
Praise the Lord!*

—Psalm 150 (RSV)